

'A life of solitude, a lonely bed,
Are better than the Court—would I were
there!

My mind could rule my senses if I were,
In prayer and fasting all my days be sped;
Love's flames and arrows there I need not
dread-
To wound my heart the tyrant would not
dare.'

And then I answered you: 'Ah, foolish dream
That fire beneath the ashes is not fire!
Even the holy cloisters feel its gleam.

In deserts, as in cities, springs desire.
That God, whom even Gods confess supreme,
No prayers can conquer, and no fasts can tire/

It was no use—*je ne le veux pas*'. She
made him
jealous with young blades of the Court. She
grew weary
of him. He was growing old—old like the
Renaissance
round him, once so young and confident,
but distracted
now with blood and battle that made such a
world seem
no scene for love,
Quand on vit les Francois sous les armes suer,
Quand on vit tout le peuple en fiireur se ruer,
Quand Belonne sanglante alloit devant pour guide.
Like Proust's Swann with Odette, he had
'gach.6 sa vie'
—its latter end, at least—for a woman not
even of his
type. Better wine, better lawsuits, better
the faithful

Aristote ou Platon, ou le docte Euripide,
Mes bons hostes muets, qui ne faschent
jamais . . .

Ne pensez plus, Helene, en vos kqs me tenir.

He turned away.

Vents qui soufflez par ceste plaine,
Et vous, Seine, qui promenez
Vos flots par ces champs, emmenez
En TOcean noyer ma peine . . .
Vole, ma douce Tourterelle,
Le vray symbole de Tamour,
Je ne veux plus ni nuit ni jour
Entendre ta plainte fidelle . . .
Adieu, Amour . . .